

Sometime since I sent in notice of the death of sister Isabell Ellsworth, of Marsh Creek. She left a family of seven children entire orphans, for their father died two years ago. The eldest of the family is a young man nineteen years of age. These children heroically determined to remain together, and all applauded their courage. Now a new calamity has befallen them,—their house and all its contents was burned recently. The people are responding nobly to their need.

Sister Lizzie Wolfe of Lathrop church has had a long, serious siege of peritonitis but is recovering slowly.

God bless the work and the workers.
Lathrop, Calif.

Home Circle

Not Work but Worry

It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends gray hairs with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled,
With a weary, despondent life.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands' hard labor,
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah! no, but we plan and ponder
How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid,
When we should be cheery and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And ever a cloud in the blue,
The scent of the roses is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man.

—Sommerville Journal.

An Important Question

Public Ledger.

"I should never think of telling mother," said one young girl to another, in confidence of a morning tete a tete, into which came the discussion of the triumphs and contretemps of the last night's party. "She would never understand in the least, you know, why I should have said to him what I did, or have allowed him to say to me what he did. Mothers look at all those things so differently, you know."

And yet this particular mother was one of the most faithful of chaperones. She sat patiently thru-out the dances, and in more than one instance confided to another mother that her "daughter told her everything, and if it were not for the conventional requirement she could be trusted to go everywhere by herself." Yet the things which this daugh-

ter did not tell her mother included an appointment to meet, at the house of a friend, a gentleman against whom both father and mother had warned her as not desirable for acquaintance.

Ah, this loss of the confidence of our children underlies many another problem, the true secret of whose solution lies in the fact that we have lost the heart of our girls. If the veil were once lifted from the experience of mothers in this particular, we should find many a Racheal mourning for her children, and hiding her grief from the world.

"How shall we find and win them back again, the little ones we yearn for, the children out of whose hearts has departed the loving, clinging sense of childhood—the clear-eyed frankness which speaks out the hopes and desires in full confidence that they will be welcomed and shared by the heart of the mother?"

Compared to this treasure of absolute, trustful affection, nothing else that the world can give counts for a moment with the true mother. Her daughter's life is her own domain, and how to find her way back into it, if once she finds herself excluded from it, is a problem worthy most strenuous and thoughtful study.

A Touching Incident

Raleigh Christian Advocate.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend some miles distant.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party today; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand to his brow and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile.

"No, Millie, I will not, and you may trust me," and she wrapped her infant in a soft blanket and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as they passed up the steps. Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when it was red. The party passed pleasantly. The time for departure drew near; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband; a pang shot thru her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had broken his promise. Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed close to her grieved heart.

"Give me the baby, Millie, I can't trust you with him," he said, as they approached a dark and swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, closely wrapped in a great blanket—to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steeds bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms; but when she clasped it to her bosom, no babe was there. It had slipped from the bundle, and the drunken

father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned around just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark water, and then sink forever, and by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother and remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

Re-united by Death

Presbyterian.

The death of Mrs. Gladstone reminds us of the lover-like devotion which she and her distinguished husband gave to each other for more than fifty years. The record of it shows that to them marriage was not a failure, and the recounting of it makes one of the prettiest love-stories in all history. To the time of his death, Mr. Gladstone kept up all the little attentions that had won the heart of the young and beautiful Catharine Glynne, and she in turn repaid it with ideal devotion. For years she was a familiar figure in the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons, and her husband never arose to make a speech without glancing to her for the smile of encouragement that always awaited him. One of the best pictures of him, shows him speaking at an open-air meeting, and his wife standing by his side, shielding him from the glare of the sun with her umbrella.

She kept all objectionable people away from him, with a tact that never offended, and to her, more than anyone else, Mr. Gladstone was indebted for the marvelous retention of his mental and physical faculties to extreme old age.

A nap after dinner is worth two hours of sleep in the morning to the mother, says an exchange. Mothers, more than most people, wear out if they are not repaired, and it is the duty of the family to see that repairs go on before the dear tenement falters. So many people repaint the house and have the homes cleaned and repapered and the furniture retouched, who never think of repairing the mother. Think of it, to let a mother wear out for want of a little repair. Why, she is costly, and rare, and altogether good to have around, isn't she?—*Ex.*

Sisters' Society C. E.

From the Field

I have now crossed the Mississippi and feel I am in very truth in the wild west, far removed from the heart of the east. The country in this part of Iowa is very rough, quite different from Illinois. The narrow roads are more like those in the rocky part of Pennsylvania. Much of the hillside land with its great rocks, and the hollows with their undergrowth, have been left in their natural state, and one enjoys this kind of wild scenery the more because only the work of God's hand is to be seen. The people also are as good and kind as those living on the "plains."

I came from Lanark, Illinois on the morning of the fourth, and am stopping off at Elkport, Iowa, on my way to Waterloo. Scarce-